

# Pennywise, Christmas In Hell

I don't want anything for Christmas  
I wanna be naughty, not nice  
We'll burn all your trees down  
'cause all days in this town  
it's such an ugly sight

It looks like Christmas  
but you just can't tell  
It's joyful and triumphant  
but to me it feels just like  
Christmas in hell!  
Christmas in hell!  
Christmas in hell!  
Christmas in hell!  
Christmas in hell!

I find it all so depressing  
I've got no Yuletide joy  
We'll teach them a lesson  
We'll steal all the presents  
from every girl and boy

It looks like Christmas  
but you just can't tell  
It's joyful and triumphant  
but to me it feels just like  
Christmas in hell!  
Christmas in hell!  
Christmas in hell!  
Christmas in hell!  
Christmas in hell!

[Fletcher, deep voice]  
candel lights and Christmas trees  
we don't want any of these  
gingerbread and candy canes  
I'll show you what is right!

It's Christmas in hell  
It's Christmas in hell  
It's Christmas in hell  
It's Christmas in hell  
Christmas in hell  
Christmas in hell!